

Fill in the gaps

Now ain't it strange that I feel like Philby,
There's a stranger in my soul,
I'm lost in transit in a lonesome city,
I can't come in from the cold,
I'm deep in action on a secret mission,
Contact's broken down,
Time (1) by, I'm above suspicion,
There's a voice on the telephone
Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Well it sure is dark in this clockwork city,
Contact's never gonna show,
I've got a code which can't be broken,
My eyes never seem to close,
Well, I'm (2) here in the silent city,
Shadows falling down,
I'm disconnected but I don't need pity,
The night's gonna burn on slow.
Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Now ain't it funny that I feel like Philby,
A stranger on a foreign shore,
I've got my plans and I (3) move quickly,
There's a knock upon the door,
Still in transit and I'm close to danger,
My cover can't be blown,
It's (4) strange and it's getting crazy,
Tell me, what is going on?
Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Four o'clock and nothing's moving,
Six o'clock and the daylight's stirring,
A Morning comes, must be moving on.
All night long my mind's (5) burning,
Makes me feel (6) a long, long way (7)
home,
Now ain't it strange that I (8) like Philby,
There's a (9) in my soul
I'm lost in transit in a lonesome city
I can't (10) in from the cold



- 1. drags
- 2. standing
- 3. must
- 4. getting
- 5. been
- 6. such
- 7. from
- 8. feel
- 9. stranger
- 10. come

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